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In The Fairy Forest



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Maria Konopnicka
(1842-1810)

Translated from Polish
by Igor Marynowski

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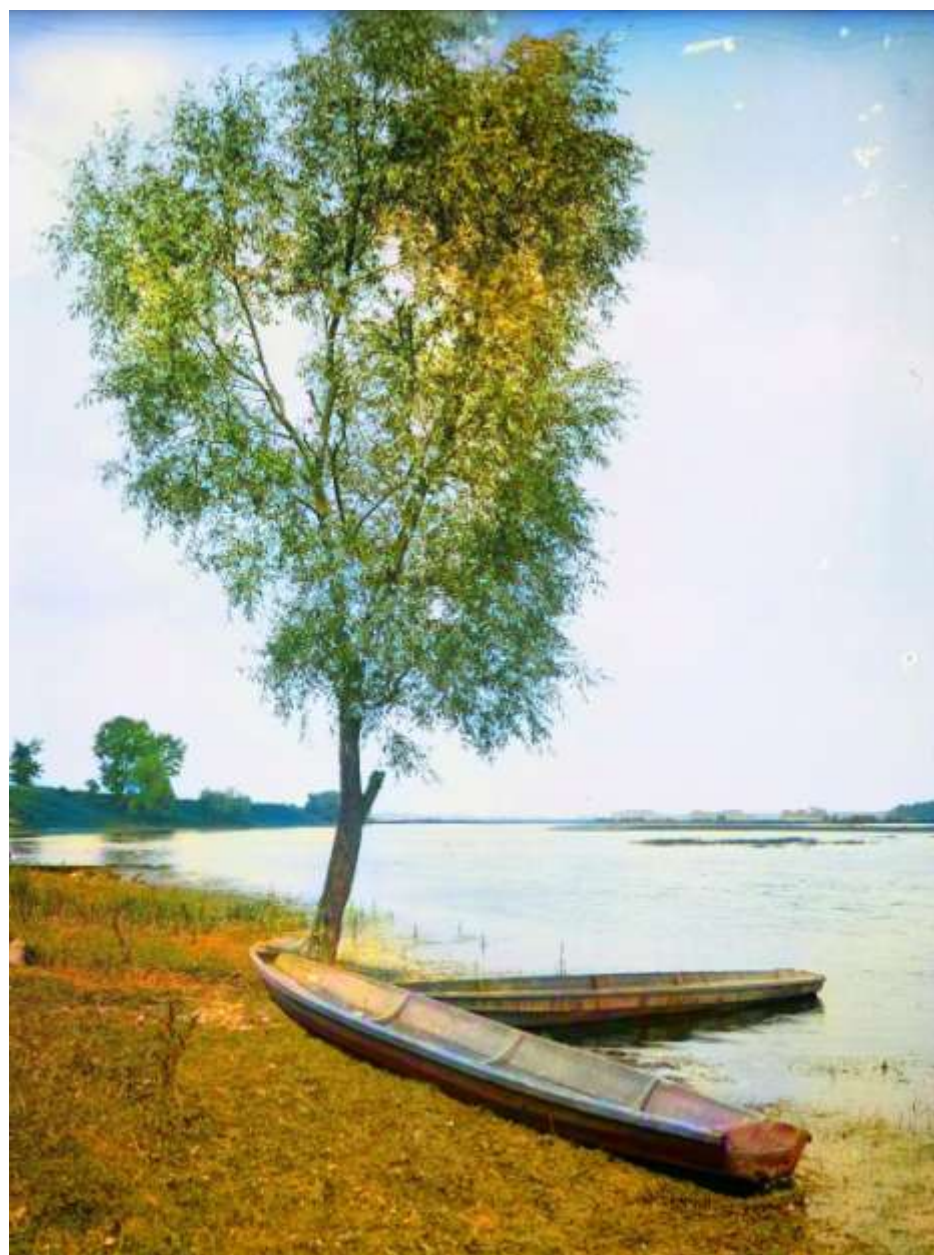
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Foreword

I dedicate this book to my friends
and family members.

Igor Marynowski



Here over the river Bug from the left.
There is a big green forest.
The night covers it with a raven wing
Dawn opens its gates with a silver key
and shiny sunsets shut its bright entrances.
Nobody will tell you,
What the beautiful tall trees
Grow there
And how many birds are singing.
What beautiful flowers
Germinate there.
What pure waters are in the streams.
How oak talks with wind
And what fairytales he tells.
Only the chosen ones will be able to
See all these wonders



Only a few people in the evening silence
will be able to hear this fairy tale,
The forest reveal its secrets
Only to the small minority
And show the hiding places
Of its marvels in the world
Of magical reality.

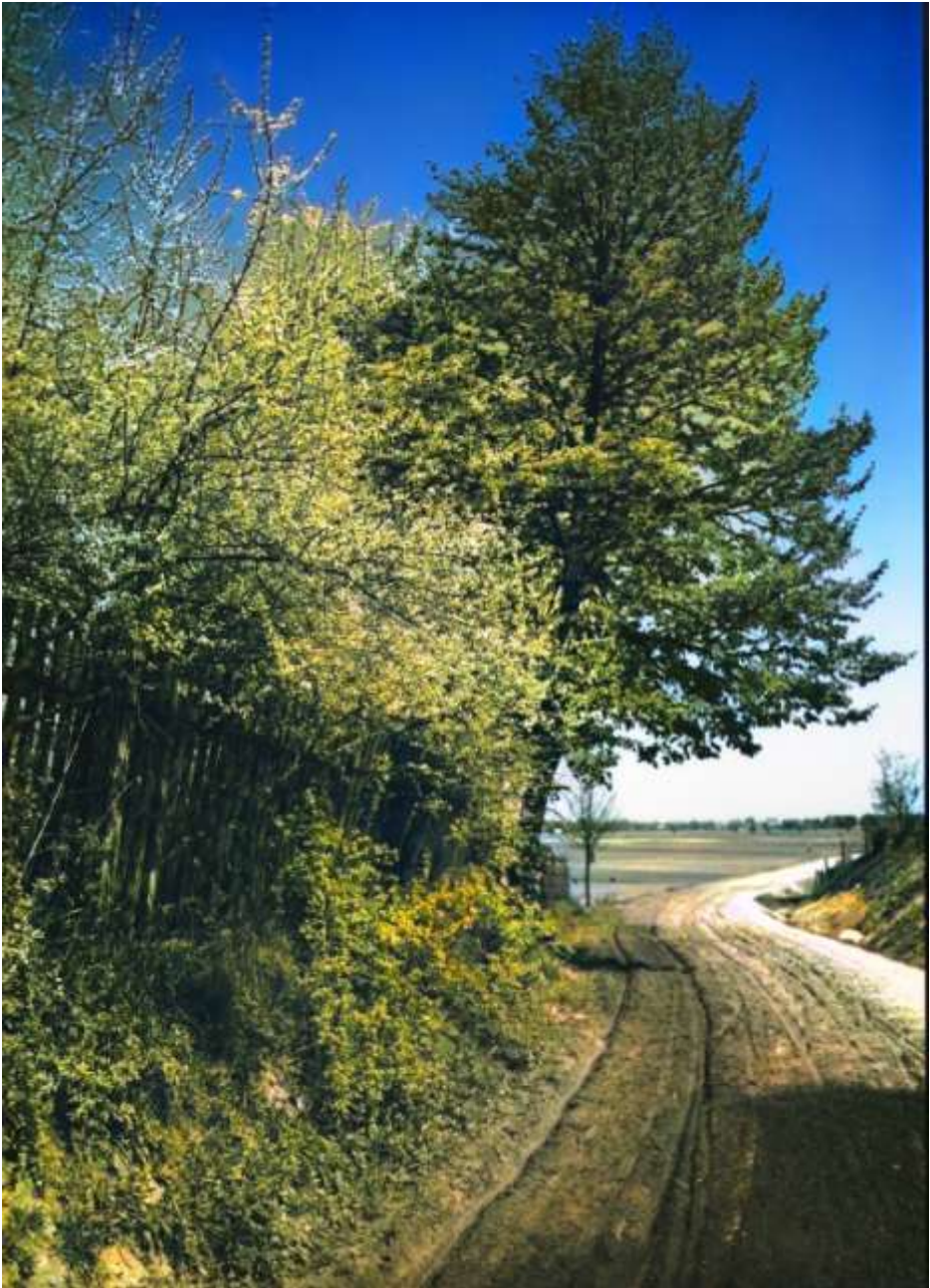
You should wait for nature revelation
Till the time when the wind becomes quiet,
The path moss smoothes itself
The woodpecker decides to lead us,
The owls fall asleep in the hollows,
Forest granddad falls asleep,
The dew dries on the grasses
And heather weaves a carpet.
Then whatever will happen

We should go into the woods. Only if no snails cross our path.



Because they are terrible obstacles.
They have their coats rolled up
On their backs and horns on their heads.
They moved in big multitudes
And wasps fly over them
Playing on the trumpets.
Do not hurt them
They are armed And ready to attack.
And here the spider sits
In its fortress a spider
With a cross on its back
Who can hurt you suddenly
Though you will feel no pain
But your freedom will be over.
Every step you can make with fear and anxiety
Seeing the movement of caterpillars
And encircling by army of fireflies

Together with the moths



Before you enter the forest world
Listen the story about small John,
Early in the morning
He goes baldly among the pines
And two little boxes in the hands.
He took a red cap in order
To look fearful for crows.
Though his heart was pounding He is moving
forward.
“Thorns go away...
Today is the birthday
Of my mother.
I will make a surprise for her.
I will gather blueberries
Washed by forest dew
And hidden by fern leaves.



I will return before
My mother wakes up
With a gift from the forest
And from me.
He is looking hither and thither
And finds no berries.
Then he sits on the fallen tree
And almost is crying.
The little dwarf appears before him,
The smallest man in the world
Who likes very much children
And is the king of blueberries. The forest moss is
the covering of his bed.
The thrushes are in his singing band.
Wherever he walks all herbs and flowers
Bow down before him,
Suddenly the royal palace

Appears before their eyes



With silvery-white roof.
The snail is its guard
A its resin thin wall
Is shining at the sun.
At the palace yard young princes are standing.
And they greet beautiful guest
Together with their gracious father.
Everybody had a blue coat Made from
blackberries.
Round heads, legs without boots
In such way you can imagine seven berries
brothers.
The king did not say a word
Only golden horn was sounded,
And soon the berries children
Started to work.
What a shout! what's up What is game



In a hurry!

They climb, they go, they run

And gather the most beautiful berries.

And so almost in an instant they filled the whole
boxes,

That were delivered by squirrels -ambassadors

We will sail on now,

Where is the land of mushrooms!

« The little princes said – In the name of God,

Let the boat appear! “

A stout boat - tree bark

Was seen on the water

“We don't need oars

The stream itself will carry,

There is no need for a helmsman,

A wild she-duck will lead us!

The reeds are rustling

,A blue dragonfly flies silently ...

The little frog asks: - »Who are you?«

Children of berries are swimming!

Along the stream line
Four riders are moving quickly
Grass and ferns make the way,
Because everything can be trampled
in flight!
Flee thorns, hawthorn!
Lizards go away from the road!
The riders are courageous forest mice.
The soul is smiling inside John.
The horses stopped.
They see young girls are sitting
In the circle.
They have white dresses
And red hats,
Their braids are golden,
Everyone of them
Do some handworks with diligence,
Every rider bows down
And the oldest said:
“This is our guest
Little John and these are
Five young girls of mushrooms.



And slowly the conversation started:

- "They are orphan girls in the care of their aunt,
Mrs. Forest.

They know all the news, How does a siskin
quarrels with his wife,

How hawk was sentenced in the court

, What did the children's thrush like,

What mischief makes a hoopoe,

How the month shines at night here,

How the birch trees weave their dresses,

How ladybugs do not know fashion

And prefer gowns covered by dots.

One has name Basia, the second was Julka

The third – Kasia, the fourth – Zosia, the fifth

Kasia.

Only one minute passed away

On the watch of butterfly

And the girls gathered full basket

Of berries under the tower of sunshine.

Soon for Mrs. The full cobweb hammock was
brought

bound with wild grasses,

Let make a competition in gathering berries!

How fun it is! While who will fall, soft grass.

Blueberry princes went to make whips from the

sand,
Hania pushes the hammock with Basia and her
aunt.

And Julka, Zosia, Kasia sing a sweet song.

Then their aunt's voice is heard:
- »Little ladies! Little ladies ... Children! Children
...

Come and eat what the forest has for you.

Today Hania is distributing food!

«- They run; everyone sits down, Hania is
walking with duckweed.

Berry princes eat with joy...

The grasses become full of dew.

Already lilac bells are ringing ...

From behind the mountains and across the sea

The evening star is rising.



So the boys say: »Thank you for your
hospitality!«

And ride to the palace of the forest king.

John returns home and stands on the threshold.

He put on the table two boxes with berries

And wrote on the sheet of paper:

—”I wish good health for my mother”

And below he drew forest princes and

Little ladies of mushrooms.

In the anticipation of his Mother's joy.

Maria Konopnicka, (translated by Igor
Marynowski